

TGSTORIES PRESENTS

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Aunt

Anna's

Attic

**With Illustrations By
The Chesire Lunatic**

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Aunt Anna's Attic

by James J. Craft



illustrated by The Cheshire Lunatic

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***Sam knew he wasn't in Kansas anymore...in fact...he didn't know
where he was.***

Sam opened the door on the dark colored sedan and took a step outwards. The dark brick manor loomed before, as intimidating and foreboding as the reputation of the person that lived there. As he paused to take in the awesome sight of the grand old house, the reality of his situation began to sink in.

He wasn't in Kansas anymore.

In fact, he wasn't truly sure what state he was in, as the drive from the airport where he had landed, seemed to have taken nearly the full day.

He glanced around the heavily forested grounds surrounding his Aunt's stately home and sighed.

Sam's father had been a successful real-estate developer on the East Coast, and had remarried a woman nearly half his age. Sam's birth-mother had passed when he was quite young.

A self-described trouble maker, Sam was constantly vying for his father's attention, and the more he tried, the more trouble he created. For the better part of his young life, he and his step-mother were at great odds, with 'Sally' often telling Sam's Dad that he should be shipped off to military school. Sam, of course, had 'special' ways of describing his Father's wife that included 'bitch', 'hussy', and 'two-bit gold digger'.

It was a constant battle between the two, but in the end, neither side could claim victory, as Sam's father was killed abruptly in car-crash one summer's afternoon, and the world as Sam knew it – came to a crashing halt.

The will, gave Sally full custodial rights over Sam until he was eighteen. Sally, naturally didn't want any such responsibility, and instead inquired with her late-husband's lawyer to find another family member to take him.

Sam's Father's Sister...his Aunt Anna, whom Sam had only ever met once, was suggested.

And so, for an undisclosed cash payment, Sam's Aunt Anna agreed to take him in, and much to Sam's discontent, he was sent off Anna's country estate.

The car had left the main highway some time ago and had been driving down a densely treed laneway for what seemed like an eternity, until the gigantic manor appeared before them. The car edged up to the front door and stopped.

"Here we are," the chauffeur said as he opened the door to get out.

Sam just stared out the window

The driver opened the door and motioned for same to get out. Sam slowly stood, still staring at the grand old house, blocking the doorway of the car.

"Hey kid..." the driver growled in a deep southern accent, "let's get goin, okay? I ain't got all day."

Sam broke out of his daze and grabbed his bag, the driver closing the door behind him. He took a step forward, and then turned to ask the driver a question, but the dark sedan had already sped off down the long drive, leaving Sam standing, alone, before the massive doorway.

He sighed, then trudged to the door and rang the bell, *I might as well get this over with*, he thought to himself as he waited for someone to answer the door.

Within seconds of the bell ringing, the door opened a crack. A set of eyes peered outward for a moment, looking Sam over, before the door opened the remainder of the way.

"And you must be Sammy," Sam heard the voice of his Aunt before he could see her, "Come in, come in"

Sam looked into the doorway to see his Aunt standing there. He was surprised to see how well she had aged, as it had been over a decade since he had last seen her. She looked pretty much the same as he remembered her, dressed in simple slacks and a casual top, Anna

appeared to be a perfectly normal middle-aged woman, a simplistic, almost 'librarian-like' type who was neither attractive, nor completely unattractive.

She smiled briefly as he entered the house.

Maybe this wasn't going to be so bad after all Sam thought to himself.

"So, you're the ruffian that my Sister-in-Law couldn't handle huh?" she looked him over again, "Well...whatever problems she seemed to have with you, I can assure you that we won't have. Now will we?"

Sam shrugged, "I dunno"

He watched her expression grow very dark, bordering on angry.

"You 'dunno'?"

Sam quickly became nervous. The Librarian was starting to scare him a little.

"Boy," she began, "Let's get one thing straight here. You aren't here because you're on vacation. You aren't here because you've been good. In fact quite the opposite is true. You're here because you *haven't* been good at all. So while you're here, you will observe *my* rules and behave as *I* say. Is that understood?"

Sam nodded, "Okay"

"Okay?" she scoffed, looking even more annoyed, "Okay what?"

Sam looked baffled, "Uh, okay...I will?"

She scoffed again, "Your Step-Mother was right, you really don't have any manners, now do you dear?"

Sam shrugged. He was truly lost on how to answer the question.

"When you address me dear," she spoke in a stern tone, "You will call me Auntie, Auntie Anna, or Ma'am...is that understood?"

Sam's first instinct was to argue, "But..." but Anna quickly squashed his argument.

“/S that understood?” she repeated.

“Yes” he sighed as he looked down. He clearly didn’t want to fight on this.

“Yes what?” she asked.

“Yes I will,” he replied, “Auntie Anna” He sighed again and looked down. He wasn’t sure what it was about her that intimidated him...but clearly, she did. So until her came up with a better plan...he would have to abide by her rules.

“Good!” she smiled, “Now let’s give you a tour of the place that you’ll be calling home. Follow me please”

She turned and walked away, then stopped and motioned for Sam to follow, “Hurry up now, we don’t have all day”

Sam shrugged and followed, suitcase in hand. She showed him the dining room, the lounge, the study, the library, the music room, the den, the pool, the four or five grand bedrooms on the second the floor...then they ascended another set of narrow stairs to what Sam assumed would be the attic.

“My father...your Grandfather... renovated this space to make it more usable,” she said as they stepped from the stairs to the dusty cluttered third-level storage space. A single isle cut a swath through the collections of covered antiques, boxes and crates to a door at the far side. “I don’t imagine it’s changed much since the last maid lived up here...and I don’t recall when that was...” she paused to chuckle, “but no matter, I think it will suit your needs just fine.”

“But...it’s in the attic...” Sam noted, “Aren’t there any rooms downstairs?”

She stopped and turned to him with an angry glare, “You’ve been here for five minutes and you’re already thinking you’re-in-charge, huh? “

Sam just shrugged.

“Let me tell you that you should be *thrilled* to have *any* room at all...because if it weren't for me, you'd be out on the street if your step mother had anything to say about it.”

Sam gasped; surely his step mom wouldn't have thrown him out like that...*would she have?*

“Now let's go,” she barked as she opened the door at the end of the isle and motioned for him to look through.

Sam took a look into what would be his new living space, and immediately didn't want to see any more. The room was bright pink, nearly neon in its tone, with mint-green accent stripes on the wall. Almost every piece of furniture, every fixture was pink in different tones and shades, from the dresser to the vanity to the ceiling fan...all pink. Pink Pink Pink. Only the bedframe was different colour, purple...which when surrounded by everything else barely looked different from a variation of pink too!



"Are you kidding me? I can't stay here"

He turned to his Aunt and was about to ask if this was some kind of joke, when she pushed him through the doorway.

“Come on!” he cried, “Are you kidding me?? I can’t stay in here!” He looked around the room in horror.

Anna continued to shove him forward, “This is your room, so this is where you’ll stay.”

“But...” Sam whined.

“But nothing young man. You are in *my* house, and you will follow *my* rules. And *my* rules are that you will stay in *this* room” she motioned around the room, “Now... there’s a private bathroom through that door,” she pointed, “I expect that you will shave and shower each morning before breakfast”

Sam sighed loudly and tossed his suitcase onto the bed while looking around the room again with a disdainful expression, “I don’t need to shave” he said, “I haven’t got any facial hair...”

Anna laughed, “I’m sure that you’ll find *something* to shave,” she said, “give it time.”

Sam shook his head. He wanted to say ‘whatever’ to her, but knew it wouldn’t be worth it. It was bad enough that he had been shipped off to this place like an inmate, and now to have to live in a powder-puff room like this...was too much on its own. Fighting took energy and it was getting late.

Anna turned towards the door, “Breakfast is at six-thirty” she said to him as she left, “I *suggest* that you are *not* late”

She closed the door behind her with a slight slam. Sam heard her fiddle with the lock and dashed for the door handle. He gave it a quick turn but was already too late.

He was locked in.

“Dammit!” he cried as she banged on the door, “Let me out! You can’t keep me here! This isn’t right!”

He paused to listen for a response, but heard nothing but silence for the remainder of the night.

He looked around the room, finding the dresser and closet stock full of assorted clothes... *girls* clothes.

What a joke! He said to himself.

He toured around the windowless room before heading into the adjacent bathroom. A single window, half plugged with a noisy but very necessary air-conditioner was at the far side. The room was up so high that the window afforded only a brief glimpse of the tops of the surrounding trees. The décor was more pink, purple and mauve, and contained a bath, shower, toilet and a vanity. Remarkably it was just about the same size as the bedroom it was attached to.

He unpacked his toiletries, brushed his teeth, and decided to finally ‘hit the hay’. With a sigh, he stripped down to his boxers and slipped under the pink comforter and turned out the light.

Sleep would come quickly – thankfully.

~*~

The sound of the lock being fiddled with woke Sam from his slumber. His Auntie Anna threw open the door, and turned on the lights.

“You have fifteen minutes to be up, shaved, showered, dressed and downstairs” she commanded, “and don’t you *dare* be late”

She ducked into the bathroom, and Sam flipped her ‘the bird’.

“You won’t show that finger again if you know what’s good for you!” she called from the adjacent room.

Sam looked shocked at his hand, *how did she know that?*

He lay in his bed for several more minutes before her voice again filled the room, “Five minutes!” She called.

Sam slowly got out of bed and walked to his suitcase. He didn’t really want to shower that morning so decided to get dressed instead. He rummaged through his suitcase for something to wear. It started to occur to him that he would quickly run out of things to wear if his Aunt didn’t show him where the laundry was.

Like that crazy witch would tell me, he grumbled to himself.

He reached down and found something that would be suitable to wear when suddenly, he felt a throbbing pain in his neck. He went to turn, but Anna was holding him in place.

“Hold still you little brat,” he heard her growl, “you’ll only make it worse”

He froze in place as Anna thrust the plunger of the needle down, filling his neck with cool fluid.

“Ahhh,” he cried as she released his head and removed the syringe, “What the hell was that??”

“It’s nothing for you to be concerned about,” she scowled, “If you had gotten up and showered like you had been asked, it would have been easier for you.”

What? He thought to himself, *that makes no sense at all.*

He turned and stared at her, wanting to run, wanting to shout, but all he could do is hold his sore neck.

“Now get showered, get dressed, and get into the kitchen like I instructed you,” she growled, “You’re already late...”

Sam decided to do just that, and turned towards the bathroom with sigh.



“Hold still you little brat, you’ll only make it worse”

It was a-quarter-after six by the time he entered the kitchen for breakfast. His Auntie was standing, arms crossed, leaning against the counter. She glared at Sam, shaking her head, "Fifteen minutes late..." she mumbled, "Not a good start!"

She pointed at the box of whole-grain, half-bran, fruit and nut filled cereal on the counter, and the pitcher of milk. Sam rolled his eyes, "Aren't there any eggs or something?"

"Eggs...are for boys that show up on time," she answered, "*this*" she motioned at the box, "is for boys that are late. And it's what you'll be eating for a while, from now on."

If his stomach hadn't been rumbling as it was, he would have skipped breakfast altogether. But he knew the pain of hunger would be crushing to carry with him all day, so he poured himself a bowl and filled it with milk.

As he ate, his Step-Aunt gave him the run-down of the chores he would be expected to do each day, Mornings would be spent in the attic, sorting dusting and categorizing the contents of the eclectic room so that they might be sold. Anna informed him that she had only just recently moved into the house herself.

"My Daddy," she said, "Your Grand-Daddy, you see, only just recently passed, and he left *me* with over a hundred-years' worth of odds and ends up there."

Sam nodded. He didn't even know that his Grand 'Daddy' had still been alive just a short time ago. He wondered why his father never talked about him.

"So our job is going to be to get this all cleaned up Sammy-boy," she grinned, "And then we'll figure out what we're going to do next."

The 'next' in the short-term, for Sam at least, was to spend the afternoon, cutting the grass (there must have been a million acres of it) trimming the gardens, vacuuming, dusting, doing the dishes and then the laundry. She

had it all planned out for him, apparently... and he had already started his chores a quarter-hour behind schedule.

Sam soon found himself in the dusty attic, going through boxes, trying to determine if the contents were of value or not.

Predictably, his skills at determining if something was use-ful or use-less, were under-developed. Meaning his care-giver ended the morning by dumping out everything that he had done, and telling him that they would start over tomorrow.

A very dejected Sam, cursed and mumbled quietly, but didn't make too much of an issue, knowing that he didn't have much choice but to oblige, and the rest of the day of cutting grass and cleaning around the old house went exactly as Anna had planned, and thankfully, in what seemed like no time at all, Sam found himself back in his room, locked in, staring at the pink and green striped walls of his 'cell'.

Though he wondered to himself if he would make it through the days ahead, and dozed peacefully off to sleep.

-*-

In the days that followed, Sam started to let the routine of the day take hold. It was obvious that he was trapped in the middle of nowhere, and that with no money, or phone, or clue where he was, he wouldn't be able to get very far even if he *could* get away...which he couldn't. Anna kept him locked in his room at night, and under her watchful eye each day, as he did his chores.

He was slowly starting to figure out what was valuable in the attic and what wasn't, though on more than one occasion, he would have to resort a box or two.

Anna was even more a perfectionist when it came to doing his 'outdoor' chores, often making Sam re-do them if he didn't cut the grass in the preferred direction, or if he left a speck of dust where he shouldn't have. Auntie Anna, as she insisted on being called, would glare un-approvingly at

him as he tried to complete his task again – to her standards. He hoped that it would lead to her sending him back to his Step-Mom sooner than later.

At least there, he had his own stuff – clothes, a phone, friends...freedom.

Here, he was more or less a prisoner, and Auntie...was more or less his Warden.

The beginning of his second week started much as the beginning of his first, though his Aunt had at-least given him the courtesy of forewarning him that his injection was coming. He still wasn't sure about *why* he needed a shot every week, but instead of making a big deal about it like you normally would have, he simply sat still as she plunged the injection-gun into his flesh.

It only hurt for a second and kind of reminded him of getting an insect bite – no big deal.

“What’s that smell?” his Aunt commented as Sam rubbed his neck.

“What smell?” he shrugged.

She leaned in and sniffed him then went over to his suitcase on the dresser, to sniff there too.

“Good lord,” she mumbled, “How long has it been since you washed your things?”

Sam shrugged. He knew the answer, but was *truthfully* too afraid to give it, “I dunno” he said instead.

“Well that simply will not do,” she snapped his suitcase shut and headed for the door, “Now let’s go to the kitchen, It’s time for breakfast” she began to walk syringe in one hand and the suitcase in the other, “We’ll have to figure all this ‘clothing’ mess out later. I can’t have a smelly boy, in his own filth, here in my house. I suspect that you’ve ruined everything in here...now can I?”

“Well?” she scowled, “Can I?”



It only hurt for a second and kind of reminded him of getting an insect bite

Sam gave his sore neck another rub, “No Auntie...” he mumbled, a scowl on his *own* face, “you can’t”

Anna gave a quick smile and continued out of the room.

The rest of the week progressed much the same as the one before, though things were starting to seem different to Sam.

There were the different clothes he had been wearing. Nothing too drastic, but since he had apparently ruined most of his own clothes by failing to launder them, he was now wearing clothes that Anna apparently had ‘lying’ around the manor.

How convenient, he thought to himself.

Then there was the fact that his body seemed to be losing weight. Which was making the clothing situation worse, as the few remaining articles of clothing that he *did* have, were fitting less and less well with each passing day.

Or so it seemed.

Then there was the nausea. Apparently caused by whatever it was that she kept injecting into him...she still hadn’t told him *what*, it was making him feel unexpectedly sick, and then often quite moody.

Anna chuckled that he was often acting as if he had the emotions of a little girl.

Sam didn’t think it was funny at all.

Then there were the dreams, vivid nightmares which had him out on a date at fancy restaurant. There was lots of dining, and flirting, and later some dancing at an exclusive nightclub. It had all seemed so real, and it terrified him. He scratched his head each morning to figure out what was causing his subconscious to come with such things.

It wasn’t from a TV show or movie, as Anna did not own a single television or computer. So it must have been formed from deep within his mind.

And *that* worried him more. He was dreaming that he was out on a date, which was fine and normal. His date was always friendly. His date was always cordial. His date was always attractive. The problem was...that his date...his *dream* date...the one that haunted his sleep...was another guy. And not only *that* but in his dreams also...Sam was playing the role of the girl!

At least...in his *dream* he did.

He awoke one morning in a start.

He glanced around the room in a panicked state, and then sighed; *it was all a dream*, again.



In his dreams, Sam was playing the role of the girl.

Moments ago, he had been giggling and blushing and letting his date hold open doors and pull out chairs for the entire duration of the nightmare. Worse still...he *enjoyed* it...which is why he woke up in such a sweaty panic.

How could he allow himself to *think* that way?? Why was his self-conscious acting this way??

He tugged at his tee-shirt and wondered *why* he kept losing weight. The damn thing barely fit him anymore. Come to think of it...*none* of his old clothes were fitting particularly well anymore .

He sighed and looked at the drawer on the wall, the closet. Inside were lots of clothes that Auntie had said he was welcome to wear.

Great! He said to himself in a sarcastic tone.

If he didn't get some better sleep soon, than he would likely keep losing weight, and eventually would have no choice but wear the borrowed wardrobe that Anna had suggested he wear.

That morning, he decided to tell his Aunt about his dreaming.

"I'm...I'm having these dreams at night...and ..." he paused, "It's really embarrassing."

Anna put her newspaper down and glanced across the table at her Step-Nephew, "Oh?" she said, "Like what?"

"Well...its...it's just that..." he stammered, not wanting the words to come out, yet desperately wanting to her...*her* or anyone!

"Spit it out Sammy!" she said loudly.

"I'm dreaming that I'm on a date..."

Anna nodded her head, "Okay...and..."

He told her all about his dream...the date, the flirting, and the fact that he was in the girl's point of view. As he told the story, he became more and more emotional about the entire ordeal, with tears starting to well up in his eyes.

"There-there dear," she soothed him, "This is all perfectly normal. You're a young person...you're full of energy and hormones, believe me...*lots* of hormones...it does strange things to your mind, but I assure you that it's all perfectly normal. There is nothing to be worried about, or ashamed of."

She placed her hand on the weeping boy's shoulder, "It's nothing I haven't seen before...and you, like so many others have before you...will get through this too...and move on to your next challenge."

Next challenge? He thought to himself, *what could be more of a challenge than have homosexual dreams?*

He wiped his tears away and went back to eating his grain-filled breakfast cereal.

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As the weeks progressed, Anna began to introduce rewards for his good behaviour. The better the behaviour, the better the reward...so said she.

Sam wasn't so convinced.

One reward was a half dozen new pairs of underwear; though not the boxers that Sam so wanted, but rather a pair of old fashioned tight-fitting briefs. Another reward was a trip off the estate...so an unknown location (Anna had blindfolded him) where a stylist friend of Sam's Aunt styled and trimmed his hair...and waxed his body from neck to toe.

Sam continued to dream vividly, though he admitted to himself that he seemed to be less and less concerned about them. In fact, he knew that secretly he was looking forward to night time and the vividness of his subconscious adventures.

There was something tremendously exciting about his date smiling at him. It made him feel warm inside. When his date held his hand, Sam's chest and groin tingled and heart raced.

But that was *only* in his dreams.

Right?

One morning, a week or two later, Sam awoke after another dream, much as he did most every morning, and headed to the bathroom. Unlike most mornings, however, he paused to look at his reflection in the mirror.

What the hell is the matter with me?? He thought to himself.

He looked at his messy hair, then at his smooth skin. He still chastised himself for allowing his Aunt to have his body waxed smooth...what a horrible experience that had been.

He looked back at the mirror, realizing his hand was on his hip, and his hip was tilted in a very un-masculine pose. But it wasn't his fault – his entire body was starting to look very un-masculine. It must be the damn diet that Aunt Anna had him on. *That...*and the shots she gave him weekly...*and* making him do all the cleaning around her massive house from damn to dusk.

He was wasting away to nothing.

I'm really being overworked, he thought to himself as he continued to pose, running his hand through his messy hair absentmindedly. He realized he was looking very girlish. He also realized that his Step-Aunt had poked her head into the bathroom some time ago and was watching him pose.

"Uh...I..." he stammered as he blushed heavily, "I was just think that I uh, need a haircut Aunt Anna..."

Anna chuckled, "Oh nonsense child, " she guffawed, "You just had your hair done. You were checking yourself out in the mirror. You're developing into quite the *vain* creature now aren't you?"



“What the hell is the matter with me??” He thought to himself

“What?” Sam gasped, his face further burning from embarrassment, “No I’m *not*” he whined.

“Oh don’t bother to argue with me you silly thing, “ she said as she moved into the bathroom doorway, “and don’t bother to think about getting your hair cut yet....it’s just fine for another few weeks. If you’d take the time brush like a civilized person it would look much better.”

Sam nodded silently.

“Now if you can show me that you can maintain the hair that you have....” She paused, “then we can discuss getting that unruly mop of yours trimmed up sooner than later, but not a minute before then!”

Sam nodded again and began to brush his unruly mop.

“Breakfast is in five minutes Sammy!” she called from behind as she left the room.

Sam sighed for a moment, listening to the sound of her descending the attic staircase to the second floor, and then continued to get ready for the day.

He went back to his room to dresser drawer. Since Auntie had removed his suitcase weeks ago, Sam had been forced to look for clothing among the odds and ends in the closet and bureau. Most days he could find something somewhat ‘normal’ looking.

Today wasn’t ‘most days’.

He sighed as he looked over his only remaining pair of jeans, and slowly slipped them on before heading downstairs for breakfast.

“I got you something Sammy,” his Aunt smiled as she handed him a box, “It’s for being such a good boy”

Sam tried with all his might to resist the urge to roll his eyes, instead, he smiled dumbly, “Oh....thank you Auntie” as he took the box and lifted the lid. Inside, he found a new pair of shoes...but not anything like he had

been wearing...in fact, these shoes were nothing at *all* like any boy his age had ever worn, ever.

They were a black leather ankle boot, with a shiny silver buckle across the front and ridiculous ramped wedge heel and thick platform sole under each foot.

His stupid smile dissolved, “I can’t wear these!” he had objected.

“Well you’re going to have to learn how,” she growled, “Because those other disgusting shoes of yours are on their way to the trash!” She turned away from Sam and headed towards the door before turning back to yell at him again, “And hurry up! You’re two minutes late for your attic duty!”

Sam sighed and finished his yogurt, then grabbed the shoebox and took it upstairs.

His Aunt did not allow him to work in his socking feet, and he knew that if she intended him to wear these convoluted shoes, that he *better* figure out how to wear them.

As he slipped his feet into the black leather footwear, he at first felt please at how comfortable they felt...until he took his first step, and nearly broke his ankle.

This is going to be a long morning, he thought to himself.

About an hour and a half later, Anna joined him in the attic to check on his progress, “Very good Sammy, she beamed, “You’re getting the hang of it!”

Sam wasn’t sure if she was referring to the cleaning, or the walking in the shoes.

He smiled, “Thank you Auntie”

He had learned to tilt his center of gravity forward, to roll his hip and take small steps in these shoes, and although he wasn’t ‘perfect’ in them, he was a lot better than he had started off as.

Until...he lost his balance, and got too close to an exposed nail, that caught his jeans just below the thigh. Sam reacted by turning quickly, to avoid falling, but instead ripped the side of his jean completely out.

“Oh-no!” he cried, “Those were my last pair!”

Anna tried to console him, “It’s okay,” she patted his shoulder, “I’m sure we can find you something else to wear.”

Yeah, sure...from your pile of girly clothes, he thought to himself.

“But I really – really liked these,” he whined instead, “My Dad got these for me in California.”

Anna nodded, “Well then...perhaps I can fix them for you” she smiled, “Take them off and give them to me”

Sam looked confused, until she repeated his command, “Come on now, take them off...”

Sam reluctantly sat down on an old trunk to unbuckle his shoes, then carefully wiggled out of his favourite...and only remaining...jeans, before handing them to his Aunt.

She smiled, then disappeared into his bedroom for a few minutes.

When she returned, Sam went from being over-joyed to completely forlorn...as Anna hadn’t repaired anything at all...in fact...she had made them *worse!*

“You ruined them!” Sam shouted as he surveyed the damaged jeans...now turned into a pair of super-short jean shorts.

“Nonsense!” she retorted as she handed them back to the bewildered boy, “*You* ruined them when you caught that nail! Now get dressed and get downstairs for lunch. Your foolishness has set us behind schedule another ten minutes.”



"I can't wear these! I'm going to break my ankles"

With that, she turned and left the dusty attic, leaving Sam to stare at what was left of his favourite jeans.

A few moments later, Sam stumbled down the stairs. His new shoes were absolutely impossible.

It had taken him twice as long to get from the attic to the kitchen as it used to.

“Please Auntie Anna,” he whined, “I can’t *wear* these! I’m going to break my ankles...”

“Nonsense,” Anna scolded him again, “You’re doing just fine dear. And with a little more practice...you’ll be doing even better in no time flat”

“Practice?” Sam exclaimed.

“Well of course my dear boy,” she chuckled, “How else do you expect to get any better?” She turned and started to head down the hall, “No follow me to the living room and we’ll get started. Your posture is terrible...and as long as it remains you’ll have trouble in those shoes...*and other*...for the foreseeable future...”

Sam blushed and panicked as he realized that this meant that he wasn’t going to be back in his old foot wear any time soon.

In fact, after only a week of wearing his new ramped ankle boots, Sam couldn’t even recall what he had worn before. He had become so confident in wearing his new footwear, along with his new and modified clothes, that he had almost forgotten about the ill-fitting clothes and shoes that he had worn before.

He had focused so hard on trying to make his Aunt happy by learning to walk in platform wedge heels...that nothing else seemed to be quite as important.

Not trying to fight her. Not trying to escape her. Not even trying to find some clothes that fit him better.

In fact, he was starting to be happy to wear the super-short cut-off jean shorts –made of his old jeans- and although he occasionally lamented the loss of his favourite pants, he was so focussed on keeping his Auntie happy that it never lasted long.

And keeping Anna happy was *not* an easy task.

For even though Sam's waist was being whittled down to nothing –due in-part to Anna's strict diet , part to Sam's constant working, dusting, vacuuming, cleaning and what-not- Anna never seemed satisfied with the way he looked.

"You're not losing weight fast enough Sammy!" she complained one day, "I'm going to have to put you on a stricter diet or you'll never fit into your new wardrobe."

Sam was starting to feel as if he would *never* be good enough for her. *What's her problem?* He wondered, as he was certain that if he lost any *more* weight he would run out of holes in his wide black leather belt.

And then what?

He decided to broach the problem with his Step-Aunt one morning when she came into his bedroom to administer his weekly 'dose' of whatever-it-was that she injected into him.

"Auntie?" he asked meekly, "I have a ... a question..."

Anna turned and smiled, "Yes dear?" Her face portrayed that of proud parent who had just heard their child use polite terms for the first time.

"It's my shorts..." he continued in a shy, tentative tone, "They are really not fitting very well...and I'm worried that they are going to start slipping off soon..."

"Well dear," she interrupted, "That's what your belt is for. To avoid nasty little situations like that"

Sam nodded, "Yes Auntie, but..."

Anna gave him an intrigued glance, as if she was eager to hear what he was about to say, “but?”

Sam gulped and sighed, building the courage to spit out the words that had formed in his head, “But...the belt is too small...I’ve run out of holes for the buckle”

Anna’s face remained stoic for a moment, before a smile began to creep across it, “Oh?” she said.

Sam wasn’t sure how to read her response, but judged that since it wasn’t angry...it might be okay.

“Well then...perhaps it’s time we found you some new clothes that fit you better...” she smiled.

“Oh yes Auntie Anna,” Sam beamed. He envisioned a new pair of jeans...or some other boyish outfit, like he used to wear. But his Aunt had something very different in mind.

“But I don’t think that waist of yours is small enough yet for the clothes that I’ve purchased for you”

Sam’s face sunk. She was saying that he was fat.

“Oh don’t look so forlorn,” she scoffed as she walked out of the room to a locked closet on the far wall of the attic. She retrieved a key from her pocket, “so we’ll need to address that first...now won’t we?” She turned and smiled at Sam, who had followed her out into the main room of the attic. She then placed the key in its slot, and slowly turned the tumbler.

The lock made an audible ‘click’ before Anna proceeded to open the doors. Then she turned to Sam and smiled.

The young boy’s face grew wide with surprise as he looked past her to what was inside. At first he wasn’t sure what he was looking at. But as she started to remove items from inside the closet, he started to get the picture.

It looked to him like lingerie...and other girly things.

He gasped loudly before growing bright red with embarrassment as she removed another article from the closet, then motioned for him to come over to her. He sighed, blushed again, then slowly came over to her side.

"This should do the trick," she grinned as she pulled a lavender colored satin corset from the closet.

"But Auntie," Sam stammered, "I...I can't wear that!"

"Not with *those* boots," she chuckled, "Slip them off and we'll get you something that's a better 'fit'"

Sam obliged, but soon regretted his action, as his Aunt slipped his feet into knee-high boots, in a soft lavender color to match the corset, and sturdy looking four-inch heels.

"Hold still child," she grumbled as she zipped the boots up the side before standing back to admire her work, "Perfect!" she grinned, "That's just what you needed, now turn around..."

Sam hesitated, "Please don't make me Auntie Anna...I..."

"Oh quit your complaining and take off your pyjamas," she growled, "A moment ago you were complaining about things not fitting...then the moment I offer you a solution you start talking like fool. Now let's get moving!"

Sam hesitated for a second.

"Now!" she barked.

Sam wasted no more time and removed his shirt and bottoms then went over to stand next to his Aunt, his eyes low to the ground in humiliation. She helped him into the garment before handing him a pair of frilly ruffled panties in a matching color.

Sam knew better than to complain, but that didn't stop him, "But Auntie..." he whined.

Anna leered at him, thrusting the panties into his hands. He gulped as he touched them, feeling how soft and smooth they were.

“I haven’t got all day you know...” she barked.

He slowly leaned forward and slipped them on over his smooth hairless skin. Anna grabbed his shoulders and spun him around, tugging on the corset laces, “now...breathe out!” she commanded.

Sam obliged, then gasped as she pulled the laces tight, constricting his lungs in the crushing cincher.

“Hmmm, “she pondered aloud, wondering if it was enough. It wasn’t “Again!” she exclaimed.

Sam exhaled, and then cried out in pain as she repeated the process, “Ahhhh...”

“Oh stop it...” she grumbled as she pushed Sam into the back of the chair, putting one of her legs in between his and giving a good final tug, “Again!!”



“Please don’t make me Auntie Anna”

Sam tried to exhale, tears forming in his eyes as he turned to try and complain, but after seeing the smile on Anna's face, he knew that she was enjoying this too much to stop. All he could do was wait as she tied the corset laces up for the first time.

He somehow knew that it wouldn't be the last.

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After that day, Sam awoke each morning with a very sore waist. Not to mention that his feet, ankles and calves hurt from the new boots that Anna had forced him to wear. He had spent the entire day, prancing around the house in his new corset, dusting and cleaning like some kind of feather-weight pansy.

Even though it was just himself and his Step-Aunt in the house...*it was humiliating.*

He felt confused and conflicted on top of his humiliation. His routine was starting to set in as the days continued to progress. Up at dawn, shower, and cleanse, await Auntie's help to get into his corset, and then tassel up his raggedy looking hair, slip into his boots and head down for breakfast.

After his morning meal, a full day would await him – sorting the mess that was the Aunt Anna's Attic into usable, saleable items, and then the afternoon would find him cleaning dusting, practicing his walk...or prance as his Aunt cruelly called it, then break for lunch before continuing again until supper.

One-day however....he decided that he had had enough. He was going to run away.

He had been building up the courage for this day for some-time, and when the moment presented itself, he took it!

He zipped up his lavender boots, grabbed an overcoat to conceal his corset, and made a dash for the door.

He never expected to get very far, as his Aunt kept very close tabs on him at all times. But today was apparently different. Today, he made it all the way down the long winding driveway and out to the road.

“I did it!!” he cried to himself as he started running down the shoulder of the road. He turned to see if his Aunt had started the chase, and was quite delighted to see that no one was following him.

However, he would soon realize that running forward while looking backward had its disadvantages also, as he felt the sharp pain of a signpost hitting the side of his head as his body collided with it, followed by darkness.

He awoke sometime later with throbbing pain, staring blankly at the ceiling of his room.

Oh no! he thought to himself, *she found me!*

The emotion of having escaped, then caught again, overwhelmed him, and he started to sob. *What am I going to do now??* He cried to himself.

“There-there dear,” his Auntie’s soothing voice appeared in the otherwise silent room, “You’ve been through a lot. It’s okay”

He saw her come into his field of vision, and lean down to console him. He lost all control, throwing his arms around her and hugging her tightly as he wept, “Oh Auntie....” He whimpered, “What’s happened to me?”

“Well dear, you *were* a naughty gir...er, boy, and tried to run away,” she scolded, but you knocked yourself out pretty good on that sign-post, and a kindly passer-by brought you back here to me. You really are a lucky, lucky soul. You really did a number on your face, but things could have been far worse...” her voice trailed off as she embraced her young step-nephew again.

“But you’re okay now...” she smiled, “with the exception of that unsightly bruise...” she motioned at his face, “but we can hide that pretty well I think.”

Sam sat up and turned to the mirror with a gasp. The left side of his face sported a large oval shaped bruise where the wooden post had collided with his skin. He started to weep again...this time unsure of the reason.

"There-there child," Anna soothed, "Lets get you all fixed up and then you'll feel much better."

"Fixed up?" he wondered aloud.

She led him to the vanity on the far wall, and sat him at the chair, facing away from the mirror, then began to smooth something cool and damp over the bruise. She continued to spread the material, more sparsely over the rest of his face, then dusted it with powder puff.

"Why yes dear," she smiled, "We'll hide that nasty bruise and make you all pre...er, better – looking."

What the hell is she talking about? He wondered to himself.

"There..." she smiled as she turned him towards the mirror, "All gone..."

Sam looked at his reflection with awe and horror. The bruise was gone. But so were all of his blemishes and freckles. His face now looked slightly pale and completely even in its tone.

"Makeup?" he blubbered.

"Well of course dear," she smiled, "We'll add some more makeup to redefine your features...I just wanted to show you what a little concealer and loose powder could do...but without your other features you just look sickly and pale...."

"But I can't wear makeup!" he whined, "I'm a boy!"

"Shush now dear, boys wear makeup all the time, on television and in movies....and you don't think any less of them for it, now do you?"

"But..." Sam protested.

"But nothing," his Step Aunt said as she continued to apply eye-liner around his eyes.

“Look up,” she commanded. Sam did as he was asked, and soon saw a mascara brush in his line of sight. But she didn’t stop there.

She opened another compact, and told Sam to close his eyes, “But...” he complained, but did it anyway. He felt her brushing something over his eyelids...eye shadow he surmised. He had seen his stepmother do it many a time. He kept his eyes closed and felt her brushing something onto his cheeks.

This caused him to blush, as he knew that she would soon want to add lip color. That’s what girls did...and she was making him up to look like a girl. He threw open his eyes to see her opening a cylinder of lipstick, “Please Auntie Anna,” he pleaded, “I’m not...”

But she ignored him, grabbing his cheek with one hand while she applied the pink glossy coloring to his mouth with the other while muttering, “Now hold still will you?”

Sam froze all movement, his heavy made-up eyes blinking blankly as his Aunt did her work.

“There!” she finally smiled as she turned his head to look into the mirror.

Sam averted his eyes, terrified to look at his reflection. Not because he was worried that he might look ridiculous...but instead... terrified that he might look *good*! But Auntie Anna wouldn’t give him much of a choice as she shook his head, “Look!” she growled, insisting that he see his new reflection.

Sam was dumbfounded by what he saw.

The girl in the mirror was actually quite pretty, with her cute pink nails and earrings; in her cute corset and boots...she looked like a girl who wasn’t quite sure what to do with herself as she started to grow into her femininity.

She looked like ‘Sammi’...

...and it made ‘Sammy’ worry.

Panic filled his eyes, and he stood up abruptly...looking like a wild deer that had just been trapped.

“Oh my,” Anna lamented, “You’re not going to run again are you? Because the man that found you is waiting downstairs to make sure that you’re okay...and I’m sure he’s available to go find you again if you do”

Sam looked at his Aunt, and then looked at the door. He turned away from her for a moment, as if preparing to bolt, but before he could decide his next move, he felt the familiar jab of the needle, only this time in his shoulder instead of his neck.

He took a gasp of air, then felt his mood begin to change.

He wouldn’t try to run...he had no-where to go.



"Now Hold Still Will You?"

Anna dressed the boy in a pair of cut-off jean shorts, and a grey colored tee-shirt that barely hid the fact that he was wearing a corset, then ushered him down the two sets of stairs from his attic room to the main-floor parlour. There, seated on large old sofa, was a smiling young man, sipping from a tea cup.

“Sammi” Anna smiled, “This is the young man that rescued you, Clay Douglas Farnsworth...your neighbour”

Clay smiled and tipped an invisible hat to Sam, “It’s a pleasure to make your acquaintance,” he took Sam’s hand and kissed the top of it, “Looks to me like you’re healing fairly well”

“Uh,” Sam stuttered, “I...um...”

“What Sammi is trying to say Clay,” Anna interjected, “Is thank you for saving my life. And I am sure she knows what a debt of gratitude that she owes you.”

She?

Sam felt dizzy. Partly from the injection his Aunt had just given him, partly from the beating that his head had taken earlier in the day, and also now...partly because he couldn’t explain the butterflies he was feeling in his stomach whenever Clay smiled at him.

“Clay is going to drop by and check on you in a few days Sammi,” Anna continued, “Just to make sure that you’re alright” She smiled at the neighbour then turned back to her nephew, “And I suggested that the two of you might like to go for a walk in the woods...” she paused, “together”

Sam was a little worried about the way that she ‘punctuated’ the word ‘together’, but knew that whatever the reason, there was little that he could say or do that would change her mind on the subject.

When Aunt-Anna had decided on something – *that was it*.

-*-

In the days that followed, that statement was to be proven more than once.

She began the next day by stating that she simply couldn't afford to risk having Sam endanger himself by trying to run away again.

"Therefore," she continued, "I've decided to make sure you won't want to leave, and if you do...you'll find it nearly impossible for you to get very far in the outside world."

She hid his overcoat...and all other articles of clothing that weren't a corset, panties and boots, and began to train Sam on how to apply his makeup, every-single-morning.

He of-course, objected, but she eventually got her way, and soon Sammy's day would start with a shower, dressing in his corset, panties and boots, and then styling his hair, and applying his makeup.

On one particular day, she had him replace his little pink studded earrings with little pink hoop earrings, before she unlocked the wardrobe in his room for the first time in a several days. She pulled out a single article of clothing, and handed it to him.

"This should do just fine" she smiled, "Now get dressed and come downstairs, you've got a visitor waiting for breakfast"

Sam sighed as he slipped into the lace-trimmed, snug fitting, super-short pink mini-dress for the first time. He blushed feverishly as he glanced at his reflection. He had a sneaking suspicion that the 'guest' that his Aunt had been referring to was the neighbour-boy, Clay, and that today was the day that she intended that the two of them go for a quite walk in the woods together.

Sammy sighed, then turned away from the mirror, and headed downstairs to carry on with his day.

Anna was waiting for him as she descended the staircase. Her eyes lit up when she caught a glimpse of her nephew, skirted, for the first time.

"Oh my goodness," she exclaimed, "You look adorable!"

She turned the down-trodden boy from side to side to get a proper look at him, then paused, “hmmm” she mumbled, “Wait right here”

With that, she left Sammy standing at the bottom of the stairs, waiting for her return patiently, as instructed.

Moments later, she returned with a dark pink belt, and two breast forms.

The belt went high above Sammy’s waist and helped to emphasize his now-curved figure. The two forms were stuffed into the top of Sammy’s corset and made his already swollen chest appear to be even more swollen. Then she took a step back to admire her work.

“Perfect,” she smiled, then ushered the freshly made-up boy to the kitchen where Clay was waiting. Along the way, they passed a full length mirror in the hall, where he caught a glimpse of his reflection for the first time.

Sammy gasped for a moment then lowered his eyes as he entered the kitchen in front of his Aunt. He couldn’t see Clay, but could feel the burn of his eyes on him as he scampered forward in his knee-high boots.

“Wow,” the neighbour exclaimed as he looked up from his breakfast, “You look even prettier than then last time I seen ya”

Sammy blushed. He was mortified to be called pretty...yet there was something satisfying about it at the same time.

“Sammi,” Anna prodded, “What do you say to a boy when he gives you a compliment?”

Sammy sighed and looked down again, “Thank you Clay”



“Oh my goodness, you look adorable!”

Clay smiled and the two of them sat for a quick breakfast. Bacon and eggs for Clay, and yogurt and berries for Sammy. Then the two of them went for the walk that he had promised all those many days ago.

"I know all about your predicament you know," Clay said after a long period of silence, "He reached down and took the feminized boy's hand in his own, "And I'm okay with it."

Sammy blushed deeply. He didn't know how to respond. Did Clay know that he wasn't a girl? What did that mean?

Sammy forced a smile as mixed emotions took hold.

"Let's go for that walk," Clay finally said as he took Sammy's empty plate from the table.

_ *_ _

Outside, Clay took Sammy's hand as they walked along the path into the woods. Sammy was walking very slow and deliberately in his knee-high boots, which didn't allow him to look around at his surroundings...or Clay...very much.

"You know why she's doing this to you..." Clay said matter-of-factly, "Don't you?"

"Doing what?" Sammy asked.

"Turning you into a girl," Clay replied with a smile.

Sammy blushed...."I...I...." he stammered.

Clay chuckled, "I told you that I'm okay with it, remember." He put his arm around Sammy's shoulders and gave the worried boy a hug, "In fact..." he said in a low, hush-tone, "I rather like it"

Sammy blushed again...this time turning nearly completely red.

"Your Auntie always wanted to have a family....wanted to have a daughter," he began, "everyone in town knew that, including your grand-daddy"

Sammy nodded.

"You look a lot like him...", Clay changed the topic for a moment, "At least you *used* to...at least from the pictures I seen"

Sammy looked confused.

Clay continued, "Your Grand-Daddy was a horrible man. He knew that if your Auntie got married and had a kid, she'd leave him alone. So he fixed her so she couldn't have no kids."

"Fixed her?" Sammy looked confused.

"Yeah," Clay nodded, "You know...*fixed* her...like from the inside."

Sammy gasped at the thought. "My...may father never spoke about him," he said thoughtfully, "I didn't know"

Clay chuckled, "That's cuz your Daddy hated him for what he done to his little sister. Vowed that he'd get even somehow. 'Course, when he left, your Auntie thought that he had just gone and run out on her too...so she disowned him. The whole ordeal is a big ole' mess"

Sammy was confused. His Daddy, Father, had left to find a way to save his Auntie, but she never knew, and instead, she turned against him?

"So she stayed here, looked after your Grand-Daddy, got a job at a Chemical company up the way where she worked on some big top secret projects" Clay carried on, "I reckon that one of them mighta been how to turn a boy into a girl, cause I'll say that she done a good job at it for sure."

Clay looked Sammy up and down as they approached a stone bench in a clearing in the woods. He helped the befuddled boy sit, than sat beside him, Sammy's hand still in his own.

The two young people sat in silence for a while, before Clay leaned over and kissed Sammy's cheek.

Sammy gasped, then jumped up, “Um...I...” he stuttered, “I think I best be getting home Clay, I got lots to do in the attic today...Auntie Anna is almost ready for the big sale.

Clay smiled, “Yeah, of course dear” then took Sammy’s hand and walked the confused boy back to the manor.

-*-

“So what did you two talk about?” Anna asked as Sammy made his way into to the Attic to finish his tasks.

“Oh...not much,” Sammy lied.

“You know that boy comes from good stock in these parts?” Anna smiled, “A girl could go far in the company on a man like Clay”

Sammy blushed, “Oh....okay”

He let his mind wander a little as he thought about Clay holding his hand as they walked.

He wondered if what he was feeling – towards Clay – was real, or if it was merely part of the ‘treatment’ that Anna was putting him through.

Not that it mattered.

Sammy was feeling quite smitten by the idea of seeing Clay again. A hundred butterflies danced about in his stomach at the thought.

And it was a thought what would soon be fulfilled.

-*-

“Sammi” Anna called into the room a few weeks later, “Are you dressed yet?”

Sam was standing before the mirror, staring, awe-struck at the reflection before him. In his head, he still thought of himself as Sam...the boy...at least most of the time. But the reflection in the mirror told a different story. In the mirror, he was a girl.

A *hot* girl.

She was the kind of girl that Sam would once have fawned over. But now...it was other's that would be doing the fawning.

Other's like Clay.

Sammy blushed at the thought of seeing Clay again.

It was the day of the big auction. The day that Sammy had spent the entire summer preparing for, cleaning, categorizing and pricing, and now, even though he was glad that it was over...he worried about what would happen next.

Where would he go? What would he do? His Aunt had hinted that she was ready to sell the old manor and move to a big city like Atlanta or Savannah. But as he looked at his reflection, Sammy worried that such a move might be *very* challenging.

That and he'd miss Clay.

Since their walk in the woods, the young neighbour boy had been over several times. Each time led the two to walk alone and chat...and ended with Clay planting a kiss on Sammy's cheek. Each time until the last time that is.

Sammy blushed at the thought of being kissed by another boy...and kissing back.

What was the harm? No one would ever know...Clay certainly wouldn't tell. And if he did...*who* would he tell?

Sammy fanaticized about kissing him more...until a knock at the door broke the feminized boy's day-dream, "Are you ready?" Auntie called from outside the room.

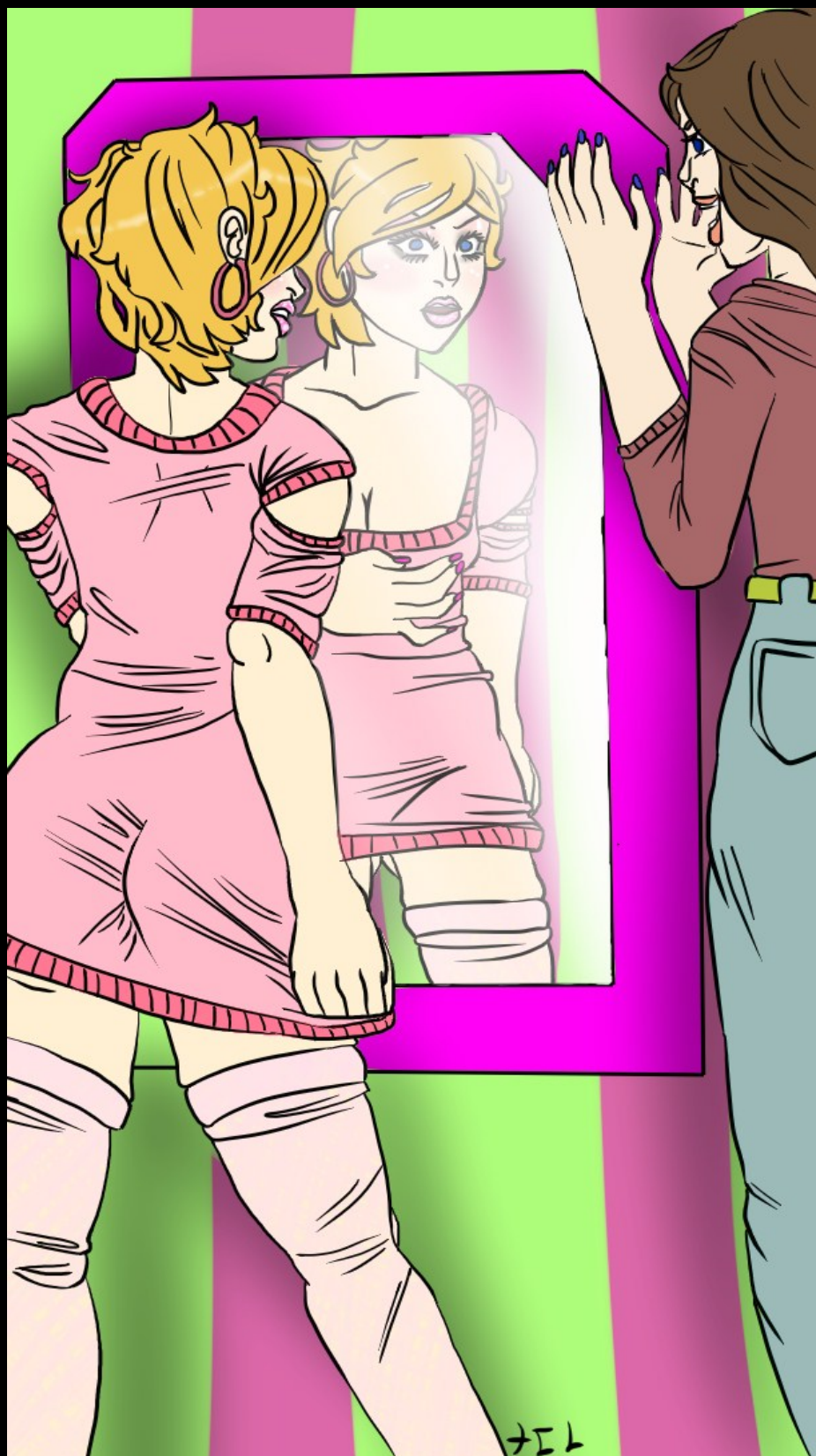
"Yes," he replied in his oft-practiced soft-high-pitched voice.

He heard the door open behind him, and watched in the mirror as his Auntie made her way towards him. He jumped with surprise, as she squealed with delight and began to clap her hands.

“Oh-my-goodness,” she exclaimed, “You’re absolutely gorgeous!”

Gorgeous? Sam thought to himself, *I am?*

“Do I...I look okay Auntie?” he asked in a half-whisper tone.



“Do I look okay Auntie?”

“My Darling girl,” she replied, “You look absolutely amazing! I never would have believed it to be possible, but it’s true. We’ve made you into the perfect young lady.”

“We?” were the only words he spoke.

“Yes *we*,” Anna smiled, “I know it’s hard to remember dear, but without your help and compliance, this never would have taken place. A change like this cannot be forced. It can be coerced, but never forced. You must have secretly wanted this for yourself...deep within your subconscious mind or...”

Sammy looked shocked. It felt to him as if she was telling him, that *he* had somehow done this to himself! He had betrayed himself! Surely it couldn’t be true...could it?

She stopped talking for a moment as she could see that Sammy was deeply pondering her words.

“Now I know that you’re confused,” she continued, “And you’re not yet a ‘full’ girl,” she paused, looking him over, “But we’ll sort those things out as we go. The important thing is now, that you learn how to be proud of what you’ve become, and how to be comfortable in the skin of a lovely teenaged girl.”

Sam’s eyes grew wide at her last statement, “A what?”

Anna giggled at his confused expression, “A girl dear...a lovely, pretty, ditzzy, bubbly-headed girl”

Sam stared at his reflection again. *Could it be true?* Had he really been turned? Was it possible?

He gazed at the girl in the mirror, dressed in her short pink mini-dress and pale pink thigh-high stay-up stockings, her growing cleavage seeming to spill out of the top of the outfit. Surely he couldn’t be so pretty? Not as a boy. And what boy could have such nice breasts?

He had felt them swelling up under his corset and tops for the past few weeks. They seemed to have doubled – then doubled again...in no-time flat.

If he had really been a boy...his chest would be flat as a board...wouldn't it?

He shuffled back and forth in his skyscraper pink heels. Auntie had bought them special just for him, to wear at the big sale. She wanted him to look his best for her guests...and for Clay.

That's why Sammy had spent so much time styling his hair and doing his makeup that morning.

He was quite pleased at how stylish and pretty it looked. He was getting quite good at looking quite girly.

But then again....wasn't that the point?

Anna's voice broke Sammy's trance for the second time, "Samantha!" she called her by her formal name, "Let's go dear...the guests are starting to arrive!"

Sammi shuffled down the stairs, "Coming Auntie!", and out to the crowds below.

The sale was an overwhelming success, and Anna gave the lion's share of the credit to the hard work of her 'niece' Samantha.

And Sammi loved the attention.

Especially the attention from Clay.

~*~

By the time the summer was over, many things had changed in Aunt Anna's Attic.

First and most importantly...it was empty.

The estate sale and auction had seen the entire contents removed, and sold for a hefty profit.

Second, the attic's sole occupant...a teenaged boy from the north-east...was gone. His room emptied and his belongings disposed of.

Sammy...had simply ceased to be.

His Aunt had enrolled him in the local high school, but not as Sammy with a 'y'...but instead as Sammi, with an 'i'...short for Samantha...the teenaged girl.

His entire prior life had simply stopped, and his new life...as a girl, was begun.

Sammi was super popular at school, especially since she was dating a college boy, Clay Charles, of the Charles Family...the Charles family that owned much of the town where they lived...and who happened to live next door to Sammi and her Aunt.

Sammi worked hard during the week on her studies.

She hoped to enter beauty school to become a makeup artist or hairdresser...or both, but it required she maintain a high GPA, which she was.

On the weekend, she would dress up in very sexiest clothes, short pink mini-dresses with plunging necklines, thigh-high stockings, big hoop earrings, super-high-heels and *lots* of makeup.

Sammi *loved* to look pretty for Clay. Her eyes would light up as he entered the manor each Friday and took her hand in his before heading for the door. She would give him a sexy pose, then pretend to blush shyly.

But it was only pretend.

After a summer in Aunt Anna's Attic, Samantha *loved* the attention, she practically craved it.

It was, after all, what being a girl was all about!



HEL

She loved to look Pretty for Clay; it was what being a girl was all about.

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